

FRENCH AIRMEN'S FLIGHT ACROSS THE RHINE

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

M. MILLERAND'S TOUR IN THE ALLIED LINES.

P. 2. 16. 8



M. Millerand, France's Minister of War, and the general commanding the Army of the Vosges tour through snow-covered country on a sledge. —(By courtesy of the *Illustrated London News*.)

BRITISH NAVVIES DOING SPLENDID WORK AT THE FRONT.

4. 13. 1 E



A sapper is seen here supervising the work of some British navvies, who are employed as trench diggers and in constructing fortification works in Flanders. The navvies have done excellent work, and, as was pointed out by Lord Kitchener, their rôle is not the least important one in the war.

THE GURKHAS ARE HOLDING THE OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE IN EGYPT AGAINST TURKEY.

26. 14. 0 E

2. 14. 0 E



Digging out the sand.



Gurkhas in the trenches repulse a charge of Bedouins.



Trench cleared of sand.

The famous Gurkhas are doing famously in Egypt, where they have already repulsed fierce attacks from the Bedouins and the Turks with heavy losses. British successes were

reported again yesterday from Egypt, where a force of Turks were allowed to approach a waterway and start constructing a bridge before they were attacked and put to flight.

"WOMAN ALWAYS HAS TO FORGIVE."

Milliner's Outburst in Suit Against Dead Lover's Executors.

"SENSE OF HEARTACHE."

"My future will be one of work and loneliness, and I feel I cannot do it handicapped as I am for the want of money and the sense of heartbreak."

This is a quotation from further poignant letters which were read in Mr. Justice Lush's court yesterday, when the hearing was resumed of the remarkable breach of promise action in which Miss Minnie Magdalene Quirk, a milliner, of Holbein House, Sloane-street, S.W., claims damages from Sir Griffith Thomas, as the executor of the late Mr. Arthur W. Thomas, who, she says, promised to marry her.

A pathetic scene occurred when Miss Quirk was cross-examined about the drafts of her letters. "I am so weary," she murmured, "I cannot answer any more."

When counsel said he was challenging the letters, she burst out with "Then you have no right to do so." Yes, he is entitled to do so if it is his case, the Judge interposed. I am asking you fair questions and, I hope, courteously," added counsel.

The hearing was again adjourned.

"I WAS AT HIS MERCY."

In the course of further evidence Miss Quirk said it was perfectly correct that she had lost her millinery customers. Mr. Thomas told her that it was no good going into all the matters, and she replied in a letter, saying:—

"One of the many promises made to me was that if I gave up my millinery business you would look after me. I am not sufficiently strong to start again. You say it is no good going into these matters. They are matters that have marred my life."

On August 25, 1913, she wrote to Sir Griffith Thomas as follows:—

"It is with the greatest reluctance I am obliged to write to you upon a matter for which you are not really responsible—the breaking of every promise made to me by Arthur. I have done everything possible to raise his sense of honour and chivalry, but without much result, and I am left in extremis. He always said he intended marrying me, and then never was any reason why he should not have done so. True, he objected to my being a Roman Catholic, but I left that community for him."

"He said he would give me £200, and after a great deal of persuasion he gave me £100 last February. It is not a question of compensation. There is no compensation for a woman who feels that the chief relation of her life has been a mistake. All this unnecessary worry is ruining my health."

"Now, will you use your good influence on my behalf? It is in your power the most casual observer that my life has been split by broken promises."

To this letter she had no reply.

VISIT TO TEIGNMOUTH.

Cross-examined by Mr. Lailey, Miss Quirk said that when the promise of marriage was made in 1897 Mr. Thomas was forty-three and she was twenty-four. It was six months after the promise that there was misconduct.

Miss Quirk said that in June or July, 1909, she went to Teignmouth with Mr. Thomas and stayed with him as his wife.

Counsel: You told us he was always invoking the Deity and felt very troubled about his conduct, but you were always very forgiving.

Miss Quirk (dramatically): The woman always has to be.

Witness said she could not say how much money she had received from Mr. Thomas altogether.

Counsel suggested £400 to £500, and witness then said she received about £230.

Counsel: Were you then expecting him to marry you?—Yes. I was at his mercy, and was keeping on the right side of him.

At the close of the evidence Mr. Lailey said he admitted that Sir Griffith Thomas was the executor, and that the late Mr. Thomas was wealthy.

Mr. Waugh: £49,400 is the gross value of the estate, and with the exception of a few legacies the present defendant gets everything.

CANADIAN AIRMAN'S FATAL FALL.

An airman named Sharpe, a lieutenant in the Canadian contingent of the Royal Flying Corps, was the victim of a fatal flying accident yesterday near Lancing (Sussex).

He started in a biplane from Shoreham, where he had been for a fortnight, to make his first unaccompanied flight. Near Lancing College the machine suddenly dived nose first to the ground, and was smashed. Lieutenant Sharpe dying a few minutes after being picked up.

The cause of the accident is unknown.

NO-OVERCOAT DAY.

Warm, golden sunshine, blue skies and a mild, gentle breeze—such were yesterday's delights.

Throughout the day the thermometer registered 50deg. and over, while in the sun the temperature was as much as 62deg. Overcoats were superfluous and flannel suits could have been worn with comfort.

"Splendid growing weather!" said the farmers and amateur gardeners delightedly. In suburban gardens little green shoots were seen sprouting from the earth—they were the first crocuses.

BRIDE'S DEATH IN BATH.

Midnight Exhumation of Body of Mrs. Lloyd at Islington Cemetery.

BY DIM LANTERN LIGHT.

The body of the woman known as Margaret Elizabeth Lloyd, who was found dead in a bath at Bismarck-road, Islington, on December 18 last, the day after her marriage, was exhumed by order of the Home Office at Islington Cemetery, East Finchley, on Wednesday night.

The exhumation took place under cover of the dark in the presence of three police officers. The grave was a plain one, with no tombstone, and the operations of the grave-diggers, who worked by the dim light of lanterns, were not completed until 11.30 p.m.

The coffin was then brought to the surface, and after the police, by a glance at the plate, had satisfied themselves that it did contain the remains of the deceased woman, it was again lowered just below the mouth of the grave, where it was allowed to rest on a temporary staging.

Then the grave was covered with boards and was guarded throughout the night. At 7.30 yesterday morning the police arrived with an undertaker's hearse and the coffin was taken away in the hearse.

It will be recalled that the deceased woman was married at Bath on December 17 last, the husband's name appearing in the marriage register as John Lloyd. Last Tuesday he was charged at Bow-street with causing false entries to be made, and a detective stated that the prisoner said that he was George Smith, and that a former bride had been found dead in her bath at Blackpool in December, 1913.

In the case of Mrs. Lloyd and of the former bride verdicts of Accidental Death were returned by the respective coroners's juries.

AUTHOR OF 70 NOVELS.

Death of World-Famous Writer, Miss Braddon—Romance of First Story.

Miss M. E. Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) the famous novelist, died at Richmond yesterday in her seventy-eighth year. Her family, including her son, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, the well-known author, were present at the death bedside.

Miss Braddon wrote over seventy novels, and achieved instant fame with "Lady Audley's Secret," which she published as long ago as 1862.

Millions of readers all over the world have held Miss Braddon in affectionate regard for over half a century.

It was by the merest chance that the novel, "Lady Audley's Secret," ever came to be completed. It was begun as a serial for a periodical called "Robin Goodfellow," but this paper ceased publication while the story was still running.

It would probably never have been finished had not the young authoress received a letter from Mr. J. B. Buckstone, a brilliant actor of the day, who said that "he was dying to know how the story would end."

Miss Braddon then set to work again and the story was completed in another magazine.

The funeral of Miss Braddon will take place on Monday next at Richmond Cemetery.

FRIENDS WITH EVERYBODY.

MADRID, Feb. 3.—Senator Dato, the Premier, replying in the Senate to an interpellation as to Spain's attitude during the war, said the Government was maintaining strict neutrality and the greatest friendship with all the belligerent nations.

He said that, in order to prevent a crisis due to the return to Spain from abroad of 40,000 families, he had prohibited the export of cereals and facilitated their import, and had also begun the creation of many public works.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For England (S.E. and N.W.) and North Wales.—Cloudy, unsettled, some rain; misty in places; normal temperature.

BOMBARDIER'S V.C.

Soldier Said To Have Bought Decoration at Curiosity Shop.

'HERO' CHARGED AS DESERTER.

That a soldier who had deserted from the Army posed as a V.C. hero, wearing a cross which he bought at a curiosity shop, was alleged at Bow-street yesterday.

Before the Court was Bombardier Lancelot Dickson Chapman, of the Royal Field Artillery. He was remanded on a charge of being a deserter from the Army.

Detective Inspector Gough, of Scotland Yard, said that Chapman, when arrested, was wearing the Victoria Cross, the French Medal Militaire, the Distinguished Conduct Medal, the Legion of Honour and the Order of Leopold. He had been taking part in a patriotic spectacle at the Coliseum.

Inspector Gough exhibited to the Court two framed photographs and a drawing, which, he

Lance Chapman, V.C., D.C.M., L.H., O.L.

said, were hung outside the place in Camberwell-road where accused was living.

One was a large photograph, with the words "L. Chapman, V.C.," upon it in blue pencil. Another was a photograph of a battery, entitled "The Last Gunner."

The other was a drawing in colours of a Dreadnought, and below was written "Drawn by L. Chapman, V.C., D.C.M., L.H., O.L."

After being charged, the inspector went on, accused said that he was not entitled to the Victoria Cross, but had bought it at a curiosity shop for 30s. He also bought the other decorations in the same way.

Detective Sergeant Hancock said he asked Chapman "Where did you get the Victoria Cross you are wearing?" Chapman replied: "I won it at Moss, in France."

Witness then asked: "When was it presented to you?" and the reply was: "The King presented it to me in France."

When told that he was posted as a deserter from the Army he denied it and said he was on leave.

Inspector Gough said the prisoner made a voluntary statement to him, in which he admitted being a deserter from the 148th Battery of the R.F.A. on November 13.

COUNTESS'S TARPULINS.

Russian Ambulance Workers Who "Plunged Through Fluid Mud" to Reach Front.

The Russian "Eye-Witness," Professor Pares, tells of his adventures at the front in his latest communication from the eastern theatre.

On January 2 Professor Pares walked out to the lines and paid a visit to one of the batteries.

A German shell which broke near them was greeted with a cry of "Bravo," and when the officer announced that the practice was "excellent" the men all cheered.

On January 5 Professor Pares set out with a niece of Count Babinzky and two soldiers for a forward ambulance post.

The young countess was enveloped in tarpaulins and is one of the hardest workers of the ambulance.

The party had to plunge their way through fluid mud, and eventually arrived close to the front.

"At last on the descent of a hill," says Professor Pares, "we turned in to a Pore, I have known."

In the inner room lived the six Sisters of Mercy; in the outer room we were an interesting and strange collection. Among one side was a big bed, on which, crosswise, lay or slept the Polish peasant, his wife, two daughters and little son; in the middle of the room, a table, and on it, a monk whom I had met elsewhere and one of the men of the Pore whom I have known.

On Christmas Day evening Professor Pares took part in a Christmas gathering in one of the big hospitals.

"Everyone's health," he says, "was drunk in turn by Christian name, the whole being woven into a long song."

"Afterwards we sang songs of the Volga."

FILLING THE LARDER TO COST MORE.

Bread, Meat, Milk and Potatoes May Become Still Dearer.

BAKING AT HOME.

It becomes more and more difficult every day for the suburban housewife to provide food for her family on her limited allowance.

Bread, meat, milk and potatoes, in spite of the recent rises, all threaten to be dearer within the next few days.

The sensational leap in the price of wheat at Chicago, followed, as it promptly was, by a further rise of 1s. a quarter on the English markets, *The Daily Mirror* is informed, will almost certainly lead to the half-quarter loaf going up to 4d. on Monday next.

Meat has almost ceased to have a place on the poor man's dinner table.

Colical meat (the "poor man's joint") is actually dearer than at Christmas.

"Since the outbreak of the war the price of Colonial meat has risen 33 per cent.," Mr. A. H. Simons, the well-known Smithfield salesman, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"It is due to the transport difficulty. We have lost more than one big transport, and the freightage is consequently higher than ever."

Before the war Smithfield received from 30,000 to 35,000 quarters of chilled and frozen meat per week. Now less than half that quantity arrives.

DELAY ON RAILWAYS.

Meanwhile there is a growing desire on the part of the London dairymen to put another lippeny on the quart of milk next week, making the price 4d.

Supplies of potatoes are becoming so precarious that greengrocers were yesterday asking them out in small quantities to customers who usually buy them by the sack.

In a week they have gone up nearly a sovereign a ton.

It was explained to *The Daily Mirror* that the demands of large bodies of troops make it difficult for food commodities to get through and long delays took place.

Hoping to effect economy in the bread bill—always a considerable item in homes with "growing" families—many housewives around London have this week been making bread at home.

The experiment in many cases has proved highly successful, the home-baked article being, it is declared, more pleasant to the palate than that supplied at the baker's shop.

EATING ENEMY'S APPLES.

"War or no war, the British public, unlike the German, is enjoying its normal supplies of fruit," a Covent Garden dealer told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"In fact, much fruit from America and South Africa and other places which in the ordinary way goes to Germany is now sent to England."

"In this way thousands of barrels of American apples have been thrown on the English market because business is far from being 'as usual' in Hamburg's fruit market. Apples, pears, and oranges are plentiful in this country, but the demand is quite equal to the supplies."

"Prices are quite normal," *The Daily Mirror* was told by another dealer.

FALKLAND VICTOR WELCOMED HOME

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

DROXFORD (Hants), Feb. 4.—All Droxford met Vice-Admiral Sir F. D. Sturdee, the victor of the Falkland Islands battle, when he arrived home to-night.

The village was ablaze with flags, and when the Admiral left the station the crowd took the horses from his carriage and pulled it by ropes. A brass band led the way, acetylene lamps were carried, the church bells "fired" salvoes, fog signals were discharged, and all the way to the Admiral's house the cheering of the people was terrific. Many came from the surrounding countryside, lighting their way with stable lamps.

At the village green the rector welcomed Sir F. D. Sturdee, and bouquets were presented. He entered his house to the tune of "For he's a jolly good fellow," followed by "God Save the King."

TO SOLVE DOCKS PROBLEM.

The problem of the congestion in British ports is receiving Government attention.

The President of the Board of Trade has appointed an Advisory Committee, consisting of members nominated by the authorities of some of the principal docks in Great Britain, to consider and recommend the adoption of various dock authorities' measures of such measures as appear best calculated to remove or diminish the congestion in the docks, and to deal with the traffic of the ports in the public interest in the most expeditious and advantageous manner possible.

Lord Incheape is chairman of the Committee, which includes among other Lord Devonport, Sir Helenus R. Robertson, Sir H. A. Walker, and Sir Sam Fay. Sir Frederick G. Dunayne will act as secretary of the Committee.

Thousands of leaflets telling of the condition of the German and Austrian Armies are being showered by Russian airmen, says the Central News, on the enemy's camps.



Hans Halle as he is.

Disguised as a woman.

Hans Halle is under arrest in New Orleans, charged with placing an infernal machine on board a ship being loaded with mules for the British Army. Halle has frequently disguised himself as a woman.

WILL BRITAIN RETALiate FOR GERMANY'S SUBMARINE PIRACY?

**More Stringent Measures
May Be Taken, Says
Foreign Office.**

**HUNS TO SINK EVERY SHIP
THEY CAN SEE.**

**Berlin Announces "Blockade of
English Channel" from
February 18.**

**GERMAN ARMED CRUISER IS
REPORTED SUNK.**

Germany has hoisted her real colours. She has now definitely labelled herself "Barbarian."

In an announcement issued yesterday by the Chief of the German Admiralty Staff, it is stated that from February 18 every hostile merchant ship in the waters round Great Britain and Ireland, including all the English Channel, will be destroyed.

This is to be the sea Huns' policy, "even if it is not always possible to avoid danger to crews and passengers."

Baby-killing and the murder of unarmed seamen is, in short, the mission of the German Navy.

Such a bombastic "warning" of the deeds that they propose to do is, of course, a great German effort to make our flesh creep.

If the Kaiser's warships really intend to comb out of port, then Britain's Navy will welcome the day.

Last night the Foreign Office issued a statement pointing out that recent German submarine attacks have "raised very seriously the question whether Great Britain should adopt in retaliation more stringent measures against German trade."

**HOW WILL BRITAIN DEAL
WITH SEA HUNS?**

**Foreign Office Statement on "Stringent
Measures" in Retaliation.**

The following statement was issued last night by the Foreign Office:—

"The new German decree makes it evident that all grain and flour is to pass under the control of the German Government, and must, therefore, when imported, be regarded as virtually consigned to the German Government or to authorities under their control.

"This creates a novel situation, and it is probable that, if the destination and cargo of the Wilhelmiana are as supposed, the cargo will, if the vessel is intercepted, be submitted to a Prize Court in order that the new situation created by the German decree may be examined and a decision reached upon it after full consideration.

"There is no question of taking any proceedings against the vessel, and the owners of the vessel will be indemnified for any delay caused to it and the shippers of the cargo compensated for any loss caused to them by the action of the British authorities.

"REGARDLESS OF LIFE."

"There is no truth whatever in the statement made in the Press that it has been decided that other such consignments will be seized, together with the vessels, without compensation to neutrals, for no decision has yet been taken to depart from previous existing rules or practice.

"The apparent intention, however, of the German Government to sink merchant ships by submarines without bringing them into port or without providing accommodation for their crews, and regardless of loss of civilian lives, and the attempt to effect this even against a hospital ship has raised very seriously the question whether Great Britain should adopt in retaliation more stringent measures against German trade.

"It is recognised that when any such decision to this effect is reached, due care must be taken not to inflict loss upon neutral ships which have sailed before any decision has been given or the decision announced."

EVERY SHIP A TARGET.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 4.—A message from Berlin states that the official *Reichs-Anzeiger* publishes the following communiqué among its official announcements:—

"The waters around Great Britain and Ireland, including the entire English Channel, are hereby declared to be a region of war.

As from February 18 every enemy merchant ship encountered in this region will be destroyed, even if it is not always possible to avert

the threatened danger from the crew and passengers. Neutral shipping will also run risks as, in view of the fraudulent use of neutral flags ordered by the British Government, and, as accidents cannot always be avoided in naval warfare, attacks aimed at enemy's ships may strike neutral ships as well.

Navigation to the north of the Shetland Islands in the eastern area of the North Sea and on a stretch of at least thirty nautical miles along the Dutch coast will not be exposed to attacks. (Signed) Von Pohl, Chief of Admiralty Staff.

—Central News.

NOT FASTIDIOUS HUNS.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 4.—The bombastic German warning to neutral shipping to keep clear of the north and west coasts of France as the Germans intend to attack British transports conveying troops to France finds an echo in an article in the *Los Angeles Express*, written by Admiral Schlieper, who says:—

"What do we care about the outcry of the neutrals and the indignation of our enemies? We Germans have a great reason to learn from this war, namely, not to be fastidious and not to listen to others."—Reuter.

WHERE MURDER WILL BE WELCOMED.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 4.—The *Kreuzzeitung* boldly declares itself in favour of absolutely ruthless measures. It writes:—

"From the warning to neutral shipping published by our Admiralty, we can conclude how it intends to wage submarine war. So it appears that we shall now torpedo ships without previous warning.

"We welcome with satisfaction the fact that our submarines will wage the most ruthless and relentless war against all enemy shipping."—Reuter.

IRON CROSSES FOR THE PIRATES.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 4.—The Kaiser arrived this morning at Wilhelmshaven Harbour.

According to a telegram from Hamburg, he handed Iron Crosses to the crew of the submarine U21, and inspected the boat, which has been undergoing slight repairs after its recent journey to the Irish Sea.

The Kaiser also inspected the German Fleet, the sailors on the decks singing and cheering loudly.

A dinner offered by the Wilhelmshaven Town Council is to be held to-night. The Kaiser's visit is to be Count Zeppelin.

During the visit the soldiers and sailors are to sing the Hymn of Hate for England composed by Herr Lissauer.—Exchange.

A PEACE SYMPTOM?

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 4.—Herr Bilz, the German writer of Radebeul, Dresden, has addressed to the newspapers of belligerent and neutral States a letter containing a proposal of peace.

The *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* considers it a remarkable symptom that the German Censor should have allowed the letter to pass.—Central News.

DODGED THE TORPEDO.

The hospital ship *Asturias*, which narrowly escaped being torpedoed off Havre by a German submarine, returned to Southampton yesterday with a number of wounded.

A member of the engine-room staff said in his opinion the alertness of the officer on the bridge averted disaster. Just for a moment the nose of the submarine appeared above the surface of the water.

The officer altered the course of the vessel and the projectile passed astern.

Another member of the crew said the torpedo only missed its target by inches. Only the fact that the ship was brought sharply round in a half-circle saved her.

It was impossible to mistake the character of the ship as three large red crosses were painted on her sides and she flew the Red Cross flag.

ARMED LINER SUNK?

BUENOS AIRES, Feb. 4.—The newspapers here announce that H.M. cruiser *Australia* has sunk a German auxiliary cruiser, formerly a Woermann liner, off Patagonia.

The crew of the German vessel were taken to the Falkland Islands.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS TAKE TOWN.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 3.—The following communiqué from the Headquarters Staff of the Russian Army in East Prussia is issued:—More important engagements have taken place on the Lipno-Bejoun front.

Our troops carried by assault the town of Skempe, and repelled the enemy's attack on the village of Blino, causing him heavy losses. Here we captured the commander of a battalion, three other officers and 100 soldiers.

On the left bank of the Vistula the fight on the front of the village of Goumine-Volschidlovskaya and the Bolimow Saw Mills continued with its former violence on the 2nd inst.

The enemy brought into his first line of action more than four thousand men and great masses of artillery, including heavy guns, which cease fire neither by day or night.

As a result of special determination is in progress at the village of Goumine, where, after bloody hand-to-hand fighting, we repelled the furious attacks of the enemy, the latter continuing to suffer immense losses. He continues to bring up fresh reinforcements.

The fighting in the Carpathians is developing, becoming more and more determined.—Reuter.

**TURKS TRY TO CROSS SUEZ
CANAL ON RAFTS.**

Enemy Retreats After Much Waste of Ammunition and Loss of Many Men.

CAIRO, Feb. 4.—At daybreak yesterday the enemy advanced on the post at Tossonim, where they attempted to cross the canal on Tuesday night, and their artillery bombarded Tossonim and Serapeum.

Our artillery, supported by fire from ships in the canal, repelled.

The enemy tried to cross the canal on rafts, but retired at 3 a.m. with a loss of eight officers and numerous dead, while 282 more prisoners were taken.

At Kantara the enemy also attacked, but were driven off, leaving twenty-one killed and twenty-five wounded and twenty-five un wounded prisoners in our hands.

The enemy's force consisted of 1,200 men and six batteries.—Reuter.

[Although the above figure of 1,200 is correct, as received by Reuter's Agency, it is probable, in view of the fact that six batteries were engaged, that the Turkish force was 12,000 strong.]

CANAL OPEN TO TRAFFIC.

CAIRO, Feb. 5.—Yesterday our forces were in contact with the enemy near Ismailia.

At the time of their advance a severe sand-storm apparently chilled the ardour of the enemy, as they showed no desire to come to close quarters.

The enemy were prodigal of their ammunition, but their shooting was ineffective. They retreated, our losses being six wounded.

The canal has been open to traffic all day and the railway has not been hindered.

Five prisoners—including a Turkish officer—have been brought into our lines in the last few days. The enemy are now coming on.

They all state that they were forced to join the army against their will and are delighted to escape.

The officers complain of their treatment by their officers, specially Muntaz Pasha, who, they say, stole their money.—Reuter's Special.

The news of the fighting on the banks of the Suez Canal was received by the public in Cairo without the slightest alarm.

**ALLIES' DAY OF MANY FINE
ACHIEVEMENTS.**

**300 Yards of German Trenches Captured—
Superiority of Our Big Guns.**

PARIS, Feb. 4.—To-night's official communiqué says: There were artillery engagements in Belgium and to the north of Arras, west of the Lille-Arras road. We captured between 200 and 300 yards of enemy trenches.

The very effective fire of our artillery in the valley of the Aisne reduced enemy batteries to silence, caused explosions in the ammunition magazines, dispersed working parties and put aircraft to flight.

In front of Verdun we brought down an aeroplane and captured the airmen.

In Alsace a German attack near Uffholtz completely failed.—Reuter.

FIGHTING ON SKIS.

PARIS, Feb. 4.—The following French official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

To the north of the Lys there was a particularly lively artillery fight in the region of Neuport.

At Notre Dame de Lorette—south-west of Lens—German attack delivered on the morning of the 3rd was repulsed by our artillery fire, which also silenced a bombardment directed upon the Arras-Bethune road.

In the region of Albert and of Le Quesnoy en Sauterre we destroyed several blockhouses. There was an artillery combat throughout the Aisne valley, in which we obtained the advantage.

The three attacks reported yesterday evening against our trenches in the region of Perthes, Mesnil les Hurlus and Massiges were carried out by forces of the enemy clearly equal to a battalion at each point.

The first two were completely dispersed by our artillery fire.

The third, to the north of Massiges, was ended by a mine explosion to make some headway.

The position generally was recaptured by us and new trenches have been constructed a few yards from those destroyed by the German saps which had been rendered untenable.

In the Vosges there were some skirmishes between patrols of skiers and some slight progress by our troops south-east of Kolschlag—north-east of Hartmannswillerkopf. A thaw has set in.—Central News.

ALLIES' COAST ADVANCE.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 4.—The *Handelsblad* learns from Sluis that an artillery battle has been in progress for the last two days.

The Germans continue their offensive without cessation, with a view to retaining, cost what it may, their positions along the coast with their bases for submarines.

The Allies, however, are continually progressing on the coast between Loobartzyde and the sea and in the dunes near Westende.—Reuter.

**RIGHT OF CIVILIANS
TO JURY TRIAL.**

**Government to Modify Defence
Act That Provided for
Courts-Martial.**

FOOD PRICE PROPOSALS.

"The principle of trial by jury is one which we are bound to respect, and I will undertake that within the next few days a Bill will be introduced which will carry out the principle, subject to certain modifications."

This important announcement was made by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords last night.

Lord Haldane was replying to Lord Parmoor, who moved the second reading of the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act (1914) Amendment Bill, which provides for the restoration to civilians of their right to be tried in the ordinary criminal courts.

In these days of excitement and bias, said Lord Parmoor, they should make sure, as by his Bill, that every reasonable chance was given to a prisoner.

Further debate on the Bill was adjourned until the terms of the Government measure were known.

COST OF LIVING DEBATE.

Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons yesterday announced that the business for next week would be:—

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—Army Estimates.

Thursday—A discussion on the cost of the necessities of life, which would probably be introduced by a Government statement.

It is expected that the statement which Mr. Asquith will make on Thursday next will be of



Mme. Marie Vêrone, a barrister of the Court of Appeal in France, will speak at a public meeting to be held at the Kingsway Hall this evening in connection with the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

a far-reaching character and will embody the decisions of the Government based upon the investigations made by the Cabinet Committee.

Before the rise of the price of food, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Arthur Henderson gave notice of resolutions practically identical in form, the text of one being:—

"That in the opinion of this House the present rise in prices of food, coal and other necessities of life is not justified by the economic consequences of the war, but is jointly caused by the hoarding up of stocks, by the artificial provision of transport facilities.

This House is further of opinion that the Government should prevent these unjustifiable increases by providing the shipping and railway facilities necessary to put the required supplies on the market, by fixing maximum prices and by acquiring control of commodities that are now or may be subject to artificial inflation of price.

RELEASED WAITERS.

Mr. McKenna, questioned about the release of interned prisoners, said that in the four months from October to January 31 the total number was sixty-two, and of these thirty-two were Czechs, Poles, Alsations and others, who, although technically alien enemies, were in sympathy with this country.

Releases were only granted after strict inquiry and when two bonds had been entered into by British subjects.

During January the total number of those released and who had gone back to their employment as waiters was only three—one German and two Hungarians, one of whom was of Rumanian parentage.

NEW MINISTERS.

It was officially announced last night that the following former Ministerial appointments have been made:—

Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, M.P., to be Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Home Office, in succession to Mr. Ellis Griffiths, resigned.

Mr. Neil Primrose M.P., to be Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, in succession to Mr. Francis Acland, M.P.

ADMIRAL STURDEE GOES HOME: A PROUD VILLAGE.

P4608



Droxford (Hampshire) welcomed home its hero yesterday. He is Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, the victor of the Falkland Islands, and his return was made the occasion for great rejoicings. The picture shows him making a short speech to the villagers, while Lady Sturdee receives a bouquet.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

ZOUAVES CHANGE THEIR FAMOUS UNIFORMS.

841 U



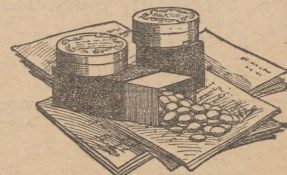
Zouaves in their new khaki uniforms.



Zouaves in their famous old uniforms.

The famous French Zouaves have sacrificed their picturesque old uniforms and are now being dressed in khaki like the British.

SKIN SUFFERERS,



HERE IS THE CURE

It will rid you quickly and for ever of your Eczema, Bad Leg, or other Skin Ailment, however long you have suffered, even if all other remedies have failed.

Test It Free of Charge.
Write To-day — NOW.

At last a treatment has been found which cures all forms of skin diseases quickly and permanently. This treatment consists of tablets and ointment, and the discoverer is so positive of its power that he offers a free supply to every sufferer who will merely take the trouble to write for it.

WONDERFUL RESULTS.

Wonderful results are being reported every day. Bad legs of ten and twenty years' standing have been completely cured, and the new skin is beautifully smooth and firm. Eczema, Psoriasis, Shingles, Ringworm—nothing can stand against this marvellous treatment. Many of the cured persons had tried every other remedy without effect.

A FREE TRIAL OFFERED.

A trial box of the treatment, with full particulars and complete proof as to the power of this great discovery, will be gladly sent to all sufferers who fill in the coupon below, and every reader is advised to seize this opportunity at once.

FREE TEST COUPON.

To ARTHUR THORNTON,
40, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please send a free box of your treatment for Skin Diseases. I enclose two penny stamps for posting expenses.

NAME

ADDRESS

D.M.T.

OUR TOMMIES IN TRENCH-WADERS.



Supplied by
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, LTD.,
37, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.
38/59, Charing Cross, London, S.W.
At 15/9, 18/6, 23/9.

BEGIN THE RIGHT WAY TO CURE ANÆMIA.

Beginning the right way means half the battle in curing bloodlessness or anæmia—to employ the medical term. Without a sufficient supply of good red blood in their veins women (and men as well) become pale, sallow, languid; they suffer from indigestion, headaches and heart palpitations and never enjoy life.

Bloodlessness, if neglected, opens the way to decline and provides victims for a number of diseases, for the reason that an enfeebled system cannot offer full resistance to disease.

In treating bloodlessness it is not necessary to take a different medicine for each symptom, for the whole trouble arises in your blood and when the blood supply is improved and increased all the symptoms disappear. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so valuable to bloodless young women and weak men—they assist in the formation of new blood. There is nothing mysterious in their action; they steadily increase your blood supply. If you are weak, "run-down" and lacking in vitality, get a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at once from any dealer and take them regularly. Notice how soon you begin to have a sharpened appetite, better spirits and increased energy. Never accept any useless substitutes.

FREE—Send a postcard to Book Dept., 48 Holborn Viaduct, London, for the helpful little book on "The Work of the Blood."—(Adv.)

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1915.

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"Yes, indeed. I expect you are working hard all day?"

"Yes, indeed. At the Red Cross all day."

"Oh, indeed? That must be hard work."

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"And all day yesterday I was at the hospital..."

Hospital—soldier—war—wounded—Belgians—atrocities—Germans—Kultur: the syllables sounded all over the room. Was this peace? But almost before we had time to formulate the question, another duet was beginning.

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W. M.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four seasons fill the measure of the year; There are four seasons in the mind of man: He has his lustrous Spring, when fancy clear Takes in all beauty with an eager eye. He has his Summer, when luxuriously Spring's bonied end of youthful thought he loves To ruminate, and by such dreaming high To nearest unto Heaven: quiet coveys His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings He furled close, contented so to look On mists in idleness—to let fair things Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook. He has his Winter, too, of pale misfortune, Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

—KEATS.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

INNOCENT BELGIUM.

YOUR correspondent, the Rev. G. H. Johnson, in endeavouring to find justification for Belgium's terrible suffering, says: "How about the Congo?" and seems to think that he has given a sufficient reason.

What had the tens of thousands of simple Belgian countryfolk, who have now lost their all and are reduced to the most abject poverty and misery, to do with the Congo brutalities?

Is it justice that hundreds of thousands of harmless and innocent people, comprising the population of Belgium, should be punished for the wrong-doing of a few hundreds at most? No; Belgium is suffering through that eternal injustice which compels the innocent to suffer for the faults of the guilty, which visits the sins

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Kildington Oxon.

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On the other hand, all soldiers do not want to marry us. Perhaps "A. W. S.'s" fiancé is of that opinion. She had better not be too persistent. F. F.

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SOLDIERS are the most sentimental of people, except perhaps sailors.

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St. Albans. TOMMY.

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I AM in constant contact with three small towns, with an aggregate population of 20,000. Business or pleasure takes me occasionally to larger towns in the district, and even to an important seaport. Yet since the war began I have never seen a soldier drilling or marching, nor have I heard the sound of a military bugle, drum or word of command.

By a conscious mental effort one realises that one meets more often than before an isolated soldier on leave, and one sees distant figures lounging around bridges and culverts; but these are all the outward and visible signs we have of anything out of the common, and they are much less warlike than what we have known during

strikes. For the rest, ours is a district of collieries and farms, industries that have been practically unaffected by the war. Our placid life goes on undisturbed, with "business as usual" and "pleasure as usual," not as matters of endeavour, but as the uninterrupted custom of our lives.

I dare say that many others of your provincial readers can tell us of districts where it is equally, or even more, difficult to realise that we are at war.

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—Is that it shakes out the bulges and creases from the clothes and figures of the nuts and the knock-kneed. The tendency of war is to abolish slouching.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

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WHILE reviewing the appalling loss of life in recent earthquakes, when the innocent and the guilty, the aged and the babe were whelmed in instantaneous destruction, I was tempted to cavil at the decrees of Providence and the wisdom of an all-merciful God. But on mature reflection and study I find that the earthquake zone lies in that portion of the earth's quadrant where the velocity of rotation would naturally produce disturbance and fissures.

For some inscrutable reason the earth's crust was not formed of such strength and solidity as to entirely resist these forces.

Hence we have along this zone the protrusion of most of the mighty mountain ranges, such as the Pyrenees, Alps, Carpathians, Balkans, Himalayas and Hindoo Koosh. The inhabitants of these regions have had warnings time after time that certain localities are unsuitable for the erection of solid edifices; yet in the face of these obvious dangers, towns laid in ruins by cataclysm are rebuilt on these identical sites,

Judaic belief still carries great influence that God will lead to victory whichever side wars for a righteous cause. Germany believes it; we believe it. Yet no belief is deeper rooted in superstition, for every thoughtful man knows that victory goes to the side putting the best forces, etc., in the field, quite irrespective of the righteousness or otherwise of their cause.

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VISCOUNTESS NORTHLAND.

P 4758



A recent portrait of Viscountess Northland, whose husband, the only son of the Earl of Ranfurly, has been killed in action. Viscount Northland, who was in the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, is shown in the smaller photograph.—(Photograph of Lady Northland by Lallie Charles. Photograph of Lord Northland by Russell, Windsor.)

P 4758

RESCUING A FOOTBALL—NOT A GERMAN MINE.

P 11908 M



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P 11910 S



This German officer, having been captured, objected strongly to being photographed. In fact, he required armed persuasion.

FOOTBALL AFTER BATTLE.

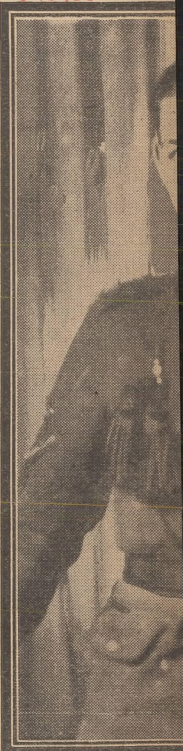
P 11908 M



Half-time at the football match, between English and French orderlies, in the north of France. Lord Tamworth acted as the referee.

BOGUS

P 16966



Lancelot Chapman, now the V.C. and other honours for gallantry. He said and that he had also received the Victoria Cross of Leopold.

HOW AUSTRALIA IS FIGHTING FOR THE

P 561 J



An Australian machine gun at work on the Egyptian desert.

P 561 J

TRENCH DIGGER.

P 16966



The Hon. E. G. W. T. Knollys, of the 3rd Battalion Queen's Westminster, after some work in the trenches.



Australians in the Egyptian trenches, in training before they

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Spring's honied odour of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto Heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mist in idleness to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
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HOW AUSTRALIA IS FIGHTING

S. 561 J



An Australian machine gunner.

S. 561 J



Australians in the Egyptian trenches.

In Egypt the splendid troops from Australia and New Zealand and the Indians are already giving the Germans and the Turks a taste of their quality. Fighting has occurred on the

HUN SHY OF THE CAMERA.

S. 11910 S



This German officer, having been captured, objected strongly to being photographed. In fact, he required armed persuasion.

S. 11908 M



Half-time at the football match between English and French orderlies in the north of France. Lord Tamworth acted as referee.

A HEAVY

S. 11910 W



This formidable-looking splinterer for treating a wounded soldier.

HERO.

GERMAN SPLINT.



This heavy splint is used by the German Red Cross for treating a wounded soldier who has sustained a shattered hand.

CAPTURED GERMAN GUN.



The City of Birmingham Battalion practising with a captured German quick-firing gun. It is similar in character to the British machine gun.

DEATH OF MISS BRADDON.



Miss Braddon, who died at her house in Richmond yesterday, was the last of the popular Victorian novelists. From 1862, when she made a remarkable success with "Lady Audley's Secret," she had been writing novels which have delighted lovers of fiction. The smaller photograph shows Miss Braddon in recent times.

FIRE IN EGYPT: COLONIALS TRAINING.



arks will have a very hard fight against the defenders of Egypt.

A POLICE BADGE.

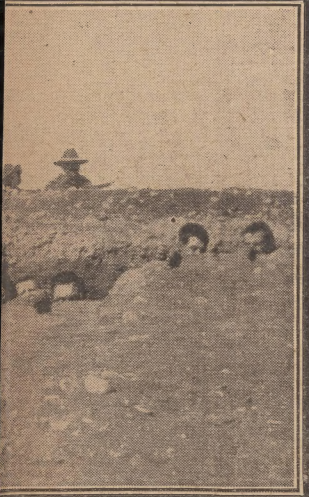


The collar and badge of the German military police, who extort money from the downtrodden Belgians.

AN IMPROMPTU SHAVE AT THE FRONT.



British officers taking advantage of a few moments' respite from the trenches are seen here having a shave behind a haystack. The headgear of one of the officers bears a strong resemblance to the old-fashioned nightcap. A shave is a great luxury in war time.



photograph was taken when the men were used the Turkish advance.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard-scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval, and she is one of the Delavals of Delaval. You know the sort of thing—poor and proud. She is a governess to the Hepstons and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepston, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven very silently. Then he tells Derek that he has fallen wholeheartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench contrives to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply. Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity.

One night, when they are nearing Madeira, Lionel asks Jean Delaval to marry him. She responds passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the one man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Cresswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff.

Ashley Cresswick confesses to his wife that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has daughter named Jean.

As they are talking, Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Cresswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay nets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Cresswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement she cables to young Hepston saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when Fay is out a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He believes it, and books a passage back.

Returning to his brother's, he finds a girl standing by his private safe. He cannot mistake her. "You, Jean!" he cries.

She tells him, amongst other things, that it is quite untrue about her going to South Africa. He is called out of the room for a moment, and when he returns Jean has vanished.

Trench finds out that the Cresswicks are playing a double game, and tells Lionel to pretend that he is going to Africa. They are telling Fay this when Ashley comes in.

THE £5,000 CHEQUE.

FAY hurried down to intercept Ashley with the ostensible excuse that she wanted to tell him not to dress. As a matter of fact, her main reason was the desire to discharge a rapid fusillade of questions as to what had happened in the morning and what was the business which had brought Derek Trench to his office.

Ashley could hardly satisfy her. The impression he had received of Lionel's friend was a disagreeable one—the kind of impression which one gets of a man who shows clearly that he doubts your word; yet, on the other hand, the actual conversation which had passed between them seemed so completely innocent when he repeated it that he began to wonder himself what it was that had been causing him so much annoyance all day.

"He didn't come to see me, my dear," he explained. "Lionel came round for his money and brought him with him. When I heard he was in the outer office I naturally suggested we should be introduced."

"And nothing was said?"

"Nothing of importance. We discussed cotton-growing for a minute or two, and he asked me naturally enough if I couldn't persuade Lionel to change his mind about going to Africa until they had finished the business which brought them over."

"Nothing else?"

"What else should there be?" he asked, irritably.

"There should be nothing else," she replied; "but you're keeping something back. What is it?"

"Well, if you must know, he asked me if I knew Miss Delaval."

"Well, that's a natural question, too, isn't it?"

"The question was natural enough, but I didn't like the tone he asked it in."

Fay nodded. "That's what I wanted to get at," she said. "The man is not such a fool as he looks, and we must keep our wits about us. I told him to stay at the office, and as he hasn't his things with him, we had better not dress either."

Ashley assented with some relief, and went to his room. He was always glad to be excused from the consideration of the ridiculous formality of dining in state before servants, for, with all his faults and failings, he was essentially a man of simple tastes, who would always have preferred a chop and a glass of claret to the five-course dinners to which Fay subjected him.

Mrs. Cresswick particularly shone that evening. She had set out with the intention of making a favourable impression on her visitor. Both from what Ashley had told her of the morning's interview and from little things she had gleaned for herself she instinctively felt that they had started under a cloud of suspicion, not clearly defined, certainly, but none the less palpable.

It was to dispel this that she summoned up all the tricks of her conversational art, and for the purpose to exhibit herself in a sympathetic setting. Perhaps it was for this last reason that she contrived to bring the conversation round to her.

"There's one thing I shall never forgive you for, Lionel," she said, and the reproach she threw into her tone robbed it of any trace of levity.

Lionel looked up. "And what's that?" he asked quickly.

"That you would have gone away without seeing my little Eric."

"I should like to have seen him," Lionel replied. He had heard a good deal about the boy since his return.

"Your son?" asked Trench. "Lionel never told me."

"My first marriage," Mrs. Cresswick explained. "You know I was a widow with what the advertisements call an encumbrance." She looked lovingly over at Ashley.

"He's the jolliest little chap you'd find in a day's march," said Cresswick.

"And that dear old thing over there," interrupted Fay, "is like a second father to him."

"But isn't he here?" Trench asked.

"Fay shook her head. "It's his first term at school. You can imagine how I feel about it!"

She was now fairly launched on her subject, and Derek Trench, thoroughly as he mistrusted her, felt softened and touched at finding such a wealth of motherly love in one whom he had considered a hard woman of the world.

He talked freely to her about the girl, discussing her plans for his education with sympathy and knowledge, and thoroughly agreed that it was a parent's duty to let a child have the very best.

How long the talk would have gone on it is hard to say, but the hour was getting late, and Ashley was throwing out unmistakable signals to his wife to rise and let them leave the table.

"Can I have a quarter of an hour with you?" he said to Trench. "About this cotton, you know."

He took his visitor down to the library and settled him with a cigar. "I want to talk about Lionel," he said.

Trench nodded and waited for him to begin.

"It's about this money. He has told you, I expect, that I'm letting him have the £5,000 he asks for?"

Derek was non-committal. "He told me he thought it was all right," he replied.

"Quite so," said Ashley. "As a matter of fact, I have the cheque here, but I'm not going to hand it over to him carte-blanche. I know what he's up to."

"I should hardly think you do," Derek said, "if you can't trust him better than that. I've known Lionel for a good many years now, and I reckon him the straightest man I have ever met."

"Straight, yes; but no more business in him than that!" Ashley snapped his finger and

GOOD NEWS FROM THE NORTH SEA.

The latest news from the North Sea is of a nature that will delight all who prize a delicious, appetising and wholesome dish at breakfast, tea or supper.

In spite of the fourfold perils of the deep, some most noteworthy "hunts" have been secured by the fishing fleet and conveyed to Norway, where they are preserved and tinned in the best olive oil ready for the British table.

"Our Sardines lately," explained Mr. Alf. Spring, "have been of a really wonderful quality, and it looks as though mines and submarines were invading them. We are still able to supply them in tins averaging over 20 'Topmast' Sardines for a few coppers. Grocers, dealers and stores everywhere are reporting big demands, but up to the present we are happy to say that we have been able to keep up the supply without any hitch whatever."

"Topmast" Sardines are sold everywhere. Buy a tin to-day. Money back if not satisfied.

ALF. SPRING AND CO., LTD., HULL.

PRING'S

"TOPMAST"

SARDINES

thumb viciously. "And now that he's got this mad-headed love affair on I trust him less than ever. If when he gets to Africa he finds the girl has gone on to Australia, do you suppose for a minute he would hesitate to spend as much of his capital as he wanted to go after her?"

"Then what do you suggest?" Trench asked.

"I suggest making the cheque out to you and Lionel jointly. In fact, I have done so. I have also crossed it. 'Payee only, not negotiable,' so that you'll have to open a joint account, and if you take my advice, you will arrange for cheques to require both your signatures."

Trench could have laughed in his face, but he refrained, and nodded gravely. "You business men think of everything," he said.

"It wouldn't be much use being a business man, if you didn't. You understand, Mr. Trench, quite clearly, that I don't want Lionel to have the sole handling of this money, and I don't want him to have it out in Africa. He has enough in his pocket for all immediate expenses, and, if necessary, you can send him some more."

"There's not much time to arrange everything."

"All the better," replied Ashley. "It throws him off his hands. You have only to get his endorsement to the cheque and open the account yourself."

Later in the evening Ashley repeated his interview to Fay. "I wasn't taking any risks," he explained, "but some chance it was that Lionel's intention to pass that cheque on to Jean Delaval he'll find himself defied."

And he told her what he had done.

LIONEL'S DEPARTURE.

It had been Derek Trench's original intention to meet Lionel at Waterloo on the following morning, but Fay was so insistent on the matter and so clear on the absurdity of his going back to the hotel for so few hours, that he was persuaded to accept their hospitality and stay the night.

In spite of his protests, this course was really what he wanted. Not that he had got his finger on the pulse of the mystery he had a rooted objection to leaving Lionel defenceless in the hands of two such clever people as Fay and Ashley Cresswick.

He knew that if he came away from the house he would have no rest for thinking what might be happening. Lionel was the last man in the world to hide his feelings, and an unexpected meeting for so few hours, the more he was inquired into his sister-in-law and the man might give the whole game away.

What that game was he could not well say. The evening he spent with Ashley and his wife had proved more interesting than fruitful. For the life of him he was unable to get at their motive for so strongly wishing to get Lionel out of the way, and this was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that he lacked the key to the mystery—or, in other words, knew nothing of the question of Lionel's legacy.

All he knew—and he knew it with unerring certainty—was that Mr. and Mrs. Cresswick were profoundly uneasy about something, and intensely anxious for the time of Lionel's sailing to come.

Fay, for her part, was equally glad that Trench was staying the night. She wanted no hitch to occur in Lionel's preparations for departure. She would have gone down to Southampton herself, and would have seen with her own eyes the vessel disappear down Southampton Water, but for the dread of coming face to face again with Paul Schroder.

Never once since that fatal day when she saw so unexpectedly the body of her first husband rest on the ground that he was still alive had she ventured outside the house.

As far as her present perplexities were concerned, the evening spent with Derek Trench had put her much more at ease. It was not only that the little man's manner had allayed her fears, but there was a subtle difference in Lionel as the night wore on. He talked but little, certainly, but his manner was a suppressed note almost of gayety in his manner.

She read it accurately enough to know that it meant joy at the prospect of once more meeting the woman he loved, and she thought it might have been an innocent falling into the trap she had prepared for him.

That was indeed the cause of his excitement, though hardly in the way she imagined. He was indeed very full of the scheme that he had unfolded to him; it appealed to him in so many ways. It meant meeting Jean; it meant helping her. It meant checkmating the iniquitous proceeding of his brother who did not think with so much indignation that he could scarcely refrain from having it out there and then.

Yet at the back of his mind there were little carking causes of uneasiness which would loom into thought, suppress their own light, and might. There was the question of the money, for instance.

It would have been all very well, as he had said, if it had been his own money. He told Trench, and he was bound to set Jean and her father free, and he looked forward impatiently to the time when, Ashley being paid with his own cheque, he could tell him to his face what he thought of him.

Yet in spite of Derek's kind way of putting it, he felt mean.

It was his own money certainly, inasmuch as it had been lent to him personally, without security. He was under no legal obligation to pay Derek a penny of it; yet this was mere sophistry, and he knew it. He had brought his friend all the way from Africa under promise to get it.

(Continued on page 11.)

A FREE GIFT

IF YOU SUFFER FROM RHEUMATISM OR ANY COMPLAINT ARISING FROM URIC ACID EXCESS.

SEND FOR ONE OF THE 5,000 FREE "URILLAC" TEST SUPPLIES.

This offer is made to all sufferers from complaints due to uric acid formation.

No matter how protracted or painful your case may be, you can prove at the proprietor's expense the sterling efficacy of "Urillac," the acknowledged specific, which conquers the most obstinate and complicated cases of such complaints.

The pangs of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, gout, neuritis, neuralgia and uric acid complaints are too severe to need comment, but despite your failures to effect cure, "Urillac" will succeed, and this you can prove free of charge.

"Urillac" has nothing in common with so-called "cures." It stands alone in efficacy and possesses just those rare chemical properties which permanently dispel the uric acid from the system. Are your symptoms amongst these:—

Stiff, Painful Joints.
Aching Back.
Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands.
Dull, Gnawing Nerve Pains.
Cutting Pains in the Legs.
Throbbing Pains in the Temples.
Acute Aching Round the Eyes.
Rheumatoid Arthritis.
Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

If so, you are eligible for the free gift supply, and should write at once to address below, enclosing the necessary 2d. in stamps to cover postage. By return you will receive sufficient supply of "Urillac" to manifest that this highest standard remedy is what you need.

The offer is free from obligation. Just send a short letter of request, enclosing postage 2d., and the gift supply is sent. Address to: URILLAC CO. (Dept. M.R.), 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

URILLAC

"DISSOLVES EVERY SIGN OF URIC ACID EXCESS."

"Urillac" can be obtained of Boots', Parkers', Timothy White, and Taylor's Drug Stores, and Chemists and Stores everywhere. Is. 1d. and 2s. 9d. or price from the "Urillac" Co., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

HAVE YOU A FRIEND AT THE FRONT OR IN TRAINING?

Send him a pair of 'LOFELCO' Knee Pads

A real essential for every man's equipment. No matter how cold or severe the weather, they will keep him warm and prevent rheumatism in Vital Knee Joints. No hindrance to marching. Very comfortable. Price 3/- per pair carriage paid. Send P.O. Finest quality material only. Write for FREE LITERATURE and "ACF" SERVICE GOODS (Felt "Balacavars" Mitts, etc., etc.). Every article a Real Necessity.

LONDON FELT CO.,

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Knitting Wool

In furthering the cause of the country by supplying the kind of material which one gets of a man who shows clearly that he doubts your word; yet, on the other hand, the actual conversation which had passed between them seemed so completely innocent when he repeated it that he began to wonder himself what it was that had been causing him so much annoyance all day.

My Wool is manufactured in the finest Yarn, and has been thoroughly shrunken, so that all danger of the garment shrinking is easily handled, evenly worn, strong, clean and free from all qualities so repulsive to the eye as those of the cheap wool.

Straight from the Manufacturer to Your Home.

We guarantee quality and can supply the finest Wool, specially prepared for knitting Socks, Shirts, etc., for dress wear at moderate prices.

Wool for Socks ... Perlb. 3/6 in Khaki, ... 3/- in Navy, Grey, ... 4/- in Navy, Grey, ... 4/11 Navy, Khaki ... 5/- Navy, Khaki

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The New Chancellor of Lancaster.

I was lunching with a man yesterday who was up at Cambridge with Mr. E. S. Montagu, who has just been appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. "Monte," as he was known at Cambridge, knew all the "best set," but his ideas and theirs were diametrically opposed. Your "good undergrad," although he gets a degree before he goes down, considers his time at the Varsity to be the time to knock real pleasure out of life. Mr. Montagu was fitting himself for his career.

He Routed Them All.

He was a Radical then, of course, whereas nearly all Varsity men are "good Conservatives." The foolish who argued with him were incontinent routed. As some one said: "Although we are undoubtedly right, we know precious little about it. And, when it comes to arguing, it's better to know wrong right than to get right wrong." "It's a pity," remarked an ingenious youth, "he doesn't come on our side; I'm sure he would sit on his own arguments like a ton of bricks."

Wouldn't Risk It.

His arguments were always clearly put and consecutive. One man paid him the high compliment of refusing to go and hear him speak on the ground that "he'd heard him speak once, and if he heard him speak again he was afraid he'd 'rat.' It's easy for him to prove black is white. Give him time, and you'd believe it a blessed rainbow."

Sir Alfred Fripp's "Luck."

"One of the ablest," but also one of the luckiest, members of his profession," was the description once applied to Sir Alfred Fripp, who, I see, has been attending a wounded officer on Lady Beaty's Red Cross yacht Sheila. The "luck" of Sir Alfred, who has been Surgeon-in-Ordinary to his Sovereign since 1901, dates back to the year 1890, when the late Duke of Clarence was suddenly taken ill while quartered at York.



Sir Alfred Fripp.

Only Doctor Available

Young Mr. Fripp was the only doctor available at the particular place and moment, and his services were called in. So pleased were the Royal Family with the skill he displayed during the Duke's illness that later on he was appointed, in conjunction with Sir William MacCormack, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the then Prince of Wales. Thus his chance came when he was only twenty-eight years of age. At forty-one he was a knight and a power in the medical world.

Must Not Eat or Drink.

This is not Sir Alfred's first experience of warfare surgery, for he took out the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital to South Africa in 1900, and was mentioned in dispatches for his services. His work out there led him to form an interesting opinion—that a man should neither eat nor drink before a fight if he wishes to recover from a dangerous wound.

Princess Easutiful.

Once again it is reported that Princess Elizabeth of Rumania and Prince George of Greece are contemplating marriage. Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Queen of Rumania, is perhaps the most beautiful princess in Europe. She is as strikingly handsome as her mother, who is, of course, the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and King Edward's niece, née Princess Marie of Edinburgh.

Lift for a Little Tramp.

A charming story told of the Princess recalls the princesses of fairyland. When out riding one hot afternoon with only a single attendant Princess Elizabeth noticed a small, brown-faced little girl in tears by the roadside. It was a tiny tramp in trouble.

Ride with Princess.

Quickly the Princess was off her horse and seeking the cause of the tears. When she found that the child, after taking dinner to her father in the woods, had taken the wrong road home she at once had the little one perched on her horse in front of her, and insisted on giving little Miss Tramp a lift home again! What the youngster's mother said when she found her daughter at the door on a princess's horse is not recorded.

Miss Kate Bishop.

Miss Kate Bishop, I see, has a part in the cast of Mr. H. A. Vachell's new play, "Searchlights," which we are to see at the Savoy next Thursday. I wonder how many people outside of the theatrical world know that Miss Bishop—or Mrs. Lewis Lohr, to give her her name in private life—is the mother of Miss Marie Lohr?



Miss Kate Bishop.

Long Experience.

Miss Bishop is one of the most charming women on the stage and one of the most experienced. She first appeared on the stage in 1897, and a year later she was playing in "£100,000" as Alice Barlow at the Charing Cross Theatre. Since then her name has always been before the playgoing public. In that fine old comedy, "Our Boys," Miss Bishop was the original Violet Melrose, a part which she played practically without a break from its first performance on January 16, 1875, until May of 1879.

The Terror.

(1) Found drunk in the dathole when on pass to Tamworth.
(2) When on sentry in camp, stealing the colonel's kidneys.
(3) Using unseen language to an N.C.O. on parade.

These are three crimes committed—according to his platoon sergeant—by a man recently discharged from Kitchener's Army as "incorrigible and unlikely to become an efficient soldier," so a correspondent told me. The man's conduct-sheet had been mislaid, and his sergeant was ordered to write out a list of his offences from memory. The kidneys referred to were intended for the colonel's breakfast.

Dance Teacher's Lack of Pupils.

London-without-a-season is not apparently the healthiest place for teachers of dancing. One woman teacher yesterday, bewailing the probable effect on her supply of spring frocks, told me she has had no new pupils this winter, and very few of her old ones. With few balls or dances being given, and no new dances that must be learned, the services of the teacher are naturally at a discount.

Miss Braddon's Devoted Son.

Ilfrcombe was the favourite holiday resort of Miss Braddon, the famous novelist, whose death was yesterday announced. I saw her several times when staying at the same hotel there and was always much struck by the devoted way in which her gifted son, Mr. H. B. Maxwell, looked after his mother. It was really very pretty to see good-looking Mr. Maxwell bend over handsome Miss Braddon and tell her the day's gossip.

Going to the Front.

In the mornings mother and son would sit in the hotel gardens facing the sea and read the morning papers and in the afternoon Mr. Maxwell would read to his mother. One pleasing thing was that even the most boisterous South Wales holiday crowd would become silent and almost awe-struck when Miss Braddon was pointed out to them. Mr. Maxwell, I believe, is going to the front soon, and Miss Braddon undoubtedly worried much about the safety of her son.

Fought in Pyjamas.

To Lord Athlumney, who, as director of the Provost Marshal's office, is doing so much in the interests of soldiers in London, belongs the remarkable distinction of having fought in pyjamas. This was in the Dongola campaign, when he took a noteworthy part in getting gunboats up the Nile. For days at a stretch his uniform consisted of a suit of ragged pyjamas, a jersey and a hat, for he was in and out of water all day swimming with ropes to make them fast to the shore—a not altogether congenial task in view of crocodiles and strong currents.

Has Kruger's Inkstand.

Of this campaign, as well as of the South African, when he commanded a machine-gun battery, Lord Athlumney has some interesting souvenirs. One is a cartridge case which contained the bullet fired at him by a Dervish across the Nile. This was his "baptism" of fire, and he has been heard to explain that the reason the Dervish missed was that he was trembling too much to be a good target! Among his other relics is Kruger's inkstand.

The International Gallery.

The National Gallery has taken on a new lease of life these days. When I looked in yesterday I found that it had been discovered afresh by our Belgian friends, who were filling its silent and austere rooms as they haven't been populated for many a long day. They were taking the pictures very solemnly and earnestly and, armed with a small library of guide-books, were evidently making a full day's business—or pleasure—of it. It is pleasant to notice that the sudden rush of interest has also had an effect on the officials. They are quite spruced up, and almost seem to be welcoming you in.

The Barrie Revue.

Matters are progressing in regard to Sir J. M. Barrie's much discussed revue at the Duke of York's Theatre which he has written for Mlle. Gaby Deslys.

P. 2081

The music for this production is being composed by Mr. Herman Darewski, whose pantomime success, "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers," is still tying up the tongues of town.

Born in England.

As Darewski was born in England, he had, of course, to wait a long time before English revue producers would look at him. But after the English producers had one and all burnt their fingers in America, Darewski got his chance. He has done practically all the music for "Business as Usual," and now has the Barrie show on hand.

That Supper Party.

Some of you, I dare say, have heard the story of how the Barrie revue originated. It grew out of a merry private supper party at the Savoy, in which a cinematograph played a large part. Whether the film then taken will be produced at the Duke of York's remains to be seen. It is said to be some film.

Our Football Communique.

Yesterday was marked by a slight advance on our part, some of our positions taken by the "enemy" being retaken, and news of further reinforcements was received. To sum up, a good day. That, at least, is how the canny writer of communiques would describe our progress in the football campaign. It means—communiques always want explaining—that we increased our total victory by forty, and our total now stands at 1,654. And a most satisfactory total, too.

A Good Day.

The "news of further reinforcements" refers to certain donations in money which will be turned into footballs very shortly. So I feel that we did a really good day's work yesterday, and, on behalf of "Tommy," I offer my most sincere thanks to all who helped by rallying to the call from the trenches. But keep up the good work, please, and, to encourage you, read this letter, which came to me yesterday from a chaplain at the front.

How You Have Helped.

He writes on behalf of No. 2 Field Ambulance, and says:—"Many thanks for the footballs. I wish you could see some of our matches. Every man leaves the field after playing or watching a well-contested game thoroughly refreshed. They go back to their braziers to talk about their football battles, and when their turn comes to go back to the trenches they go all the lighter-hearted after a game of football." That is what you who have so generously contributed footballs have done for the "boys out there." You have helped a bit to fight your country's battles.

How You Can Help.

And a word to those who have not yet helped—because perhaps they think it isn't needed. Let me say, on the strength of the many hundreds of letters that have come to me from the soldiers in the past few weeks, that few things please and help "Tommy" more than a football. And he appreciates it, too. Out of the 1,600 odd footballs we have distributed not thirty have been unacknowledged. "Tommy" always writes back his thanks, and that thanks is often embarrassingly complimentary. Now, what are we going to do about it? Thousands of men are waiting on you.

THE RAMBLER.



Imagination

IT is recorded of Michaelangelo that one day, seeing a great block of marble in a quarry, he said, "Send that to me, I see an angel in it."

The anecdote serves to remind us once again of the close connection that exists between a quick imagination and extraordinary ability.

Every true work of art, every invention, every action that departs from mere imitation is, in fact, a greater or lesser feat of imagination.

A child's imagination should therefore be developed rather than stifled, and a Night Light take the place of punishment when the child's untutored facilities, uncontrolled by experience and reason, run riot from fear of the dark.

PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS

(93 Awards)

SAFE—ECONOMICAL—EFFICIENT.

The Largest Sale in the World.

ROYAL CASTLE or CHILDS'

For Small Light.

To burn in a saucer containing water.

PALMISTAR STAR.

For Medium Light.

To burn in a glass holder without water.

CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS.

For Large Light and Heat. The only lights suitable for use in

CLARKE'S PYRAMID NURSERY LAMP

and FOOD WARMER.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



MARKETING BY POST.

PHEASANTS: Pheasant! Pheasant! 5s. 9d. brace; 4s. 6d.; 3 partridges, 4s.; 3 bass, 3s. 6d.; 3 wild ducks, 4s. 6d.; 3 teal, 3s.; pheasant and 2 partridges, 5s.; 4lb. shoulder lamb and 2 partridges, 5s. 6d.; hare and pheasant, 5s. 6d.; hare and 2 chickens, 5s. 8d.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—Frost's Stores Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware Rd., London, W.

SOPS and Stews—Best fresh meat bones, 8lb. 1s. 6d., 5lb. 1s.; carriage paid.—Palmer, Meat Salesman, Charterhouse-st., Smithfield Market, E.C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

GRAMOPHONE—24-guinea hornless model, inlaid cabinet, net, on wheels; Louie design, height 31½ in., powerful motor; record cupboard, enclosed; grand selection records; perfect tone; £25 12s. 6d., approval—58, Cambridge Road, Park.

PIANOS—Boyd Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash or 10s. per week, 10s. per week; catalogue free.—Boyd Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

THE "PADDY" JUNR. KNIFE CLEANER



ALL BRITISH.

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WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

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The Paddy Cleaner Co. (Dept. M),

13, Tatram Road, Crofton Park, London, S.E.

Friday, February 5, 1915.

The Daily Mirror

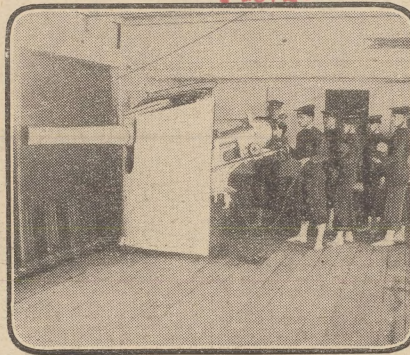
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BOYS OF THE BULLDOG BREED: 1,000 OF LIEUT. C. B. FRY'S LADS ARE IN THE NAVY.



The training ship Mercury.



Boys at heavy gun drill.



Changing gun wheels, 7-pd. field guns.



Lieutenant C. B. Fry with a bugler.

Over a thousand of the boys who have been on Lieutenant C. B. Fry's famous training ship, the Mercury, on the River Hamble, have joined the Royal Navy. This is a splendid record. Lieutenant C. B. Fry is still acting as honorary director of the Mercury

and helping to turn out future British naval heroes. Of the sixty-two boys who left the ship in 1913 forty-two joined the Fleet. Others went into the merchant service. No training ship has been more successful.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

STOWAWAY MASCOT.



The pet mascot of the Nova Scotia Highlanders, who came with them as a stow-away, has died through a motor-car accident.

DEAD MAN'S LOVE STORY: TEARS IN COURT.



Sir Griffith Thomas.



Miss Minnie Quirk.

Miss Minnie Quirk, the lady who is suing Sir Griffith Thomas, as executor of his late brother, Mr. Arthur Thomas, for breach of promise, wept in the witness-box yesterday under cross-examination. The love story in the case lasted for over fifteen years. Some remarkable letters have been read in court.

SPEEDY WEDDING.



Lieutenant J. A. Evans, R.N.R., and Miss A. E. Nainby, who were married at Belfast after a three weeks' acquaintanceship.